

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cl. I must preforce, farewell.

Exit. Cl.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment,

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For thay that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,
Tis very greuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you,
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
He into vrge his hatred more to Clarence,

With

of Richard the third.

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doest swallowe vp this good kings blood,
Which his. Hel. gouerned arme hath butchered.

Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,

La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God nor mans:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such dispare I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy soule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloody faulchion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beat aside the poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant yee.

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